



METHODIST PROTESTANT.

REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE.

From the New York Evangelist.

REVIVALS ON LONG ISLAND.

Mr. Editor—During the year past, the eastern part of Long Island has presented a scene of religious interest which has seldom been exceeded. Since the days of the apostles. Events, which have gladdened the hearts of saints on earth and angels in heaven, have passed before us in such rapid succession, as to appear in the retrospect, more like a bewildering dream, than a glorious and heart cheering reality. There is not a single town, and scarcely a single congregation which has not, in a greater or less degree, shared in the rich treasures of divine mercy with which we have been favored.

In that part of the island, which lies east of the village of Riverhead, from 5 to 800 persons, have within the year past, probably, become the subjects of renewing grace. These persons are of all ages, from the man of gray hairs, down to the child of 10 years. Much the greater portion of this number, however, are such as remembered their Creator, in the days of their youth, sought him early, while yet the heavenly dove had not taken his first departure, and found him to be a friend worthy of the earliest emotions of the youthful breast.

In this revival, God has put special honor upon temperance societies, Sabbath schools, bible classes, protracted meetings, and various other special efforts to promote his cause. The blessing bestowed upon particular congregations, has been, so far as I can learn, very much in proportion to the degree of cordial interest with which these institutions and efforts have been regarded. Just before the commencement of this gracious work, a very general and spirited movement was made in favor of the temperance cause, and it now appears, that the renovating influences of the Spirit have been confined almost exclusively, to those who, at that time, took a decided stand on the side of the friends of temperance. I know of but one protracted meeting, which was not attended with the happiest results; and that was held in a church, which from its invincible repugnancy to temperance principles, is now quite extensively known by the name of the "Steam church." The failure, in this case, instead of reflecting discredit upon protracted meetings, reminds us of the inspired declaration, "*and the magicians did so, with their enchantments*,"—those also who have regularly enjoyed the instructions of the bible class, have, with few exceptions, been made the subjects of renewing grace. The same may be said, in regard to the teachers of Sabbath schools.

Most of our protracted meetings have been still and solemn, to a degree almost overwhelming; the very atmosphere, which conveyed to the ear the momentous truths dropping from the lips of the ambassadors of Christ, has appeared too sacred to be breathed; and the laboring spirit has been almost startled at the apprehension that

its very thoughts might interrupt the solemnity of the scene. To these meetings, there has in general, been little opposition. If we except those who treat all evangelical religion with contempt, they have, for the most part, been regarded with cordial approbation. A report has been circulated, to some extent, that a lady in Mattatuk, became delirious, in consequence of having attended a protracted meeting, held during the last summer in that place; but it is ascertained to be an undoubted fact, that she did not even attend the meeting. It is therefore a complete fabrication designed, no doubt, for the purpose of infusing deadly prejudice into the minds of the weak, the ignorant, and the credulous. My object in mentioning it, is merely to show, how little dependence can be placed upon other reports of the same kind, which are now industriously circulated, through the medium of the press, by the abettors of irreligion and infidelity.

The spirit that has prevailed among ministers and private christians, has to a considerable extent, been such as to evince, that they felt the religion of Jesus Christ to be a divine and glorious reality. Ministers have preached as if they must have a hearing, and as if their solemn message must be immediately obeyed. Christians have prayed as if they were interceding with a friend in behalf of objects too great for heart to conceive or language to describe, and as if they felt, that it would be deeply criminal in them to suppose that God could or would deny their requests. Often, it is believed, has their language been, "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God."

In consequence of this season of refreshing, the strong holds of infidelity have been shaken, a healthful moral influence has been increased and extended; feeble, desponding churches have been strengthened and built up. Hell has been deprived of a multitude of victims, and numbers escaped from the broad road to destruction, are pressing forward, in the christian race, cheered by the animating prospect of exchanging those protracted meetings, in which they first found their God and Saviour on earth, for that great protracted meeting above, where they will see and enjoy, without a moment's interruption, their God and Savior, forever and ever. A delightful christian intercourse, an intense sympathy, an open hearted confidence, a warm and mutual esteem, as favorable to the increase of piety as to spiritual enjoyment, and bearing no slight resemblance to the pure, benevolent, and undecaying attachments of the heavenly world, have to a great extent, succeeded the criminal unbelief, the cold reserve, and chilling apathy which had previously prevailed among the followers of Christ.

This favored season has not yet passed away. In some congregations, which, within the year past, have been blest with revivals, God has revived his work afresh. During a meeting recently held in Westhampton, which was kept up for the space of nine or ten days, more than 20

persons hopefully passed from death to life, and more than 50 others came forward to the seats appropriated to anxious inquirers. In Southold, a meeting, commencing on the 14th and closing on the 22d inst. was attended with the special presence of God. Six persons were hopefully converted, and many others were deeply impressed. In both of these places, they are now favored with the effusions of the Holy Spirit.

And now, my dear sir, if this hasty and imperfect sketch of scenes and events, which will live in the memory of thousands, when the revolutions of states and empires shall have been forgotten as a dream—if this hasty sketch shall serve, in the smallest degree, to quicken the impulse of benevolence, increase the energy of faith, and lead to more vigorous exertions in behalf of a perishing world, I shall feel amply rewarded for the time which it has consumed.—Oh! ye blood bought followers of Christ! what are you doing? Here is enough surely to warm the coldest heart! Here is enough to arouse into a flame the smallest spark of love to the cause of Immanuel! Awake, ye slumbering followers of him who never slumbers! Pray and labor, and strive and long for his triumphant reign over every heart? Do ye not hear the sound of his chariot wheels? Do ye not behold the lighting up of his coming presence in the glimmering east? O! remember, that if the millenium should take place in our own country to-morrow, it might require centuries to render it co-extensive with the vast population of the globe! Awake, and feel the inspiring influence of those delightful anticipations, which spring up in the heaven born soul, when, by the eye of faith, she wails with joy, the triumphant reign of Immanuel, over every kindred, and people, and nation, and tongue!

NEW YORK.

Batavia.—Rev. W. Wright gives the following in the Rochester Observer.

A protracted meeting has lately been held which was evidently attended with the influences of the Holy Spirit. Fifty or sixty it is believed submitted themselves to God.

The meeting commenced on the 16th Feb., and continued 11 days. For two months previous deeper feeling than usual had prevailed in the church. Several conversions had occurred, and others were solemnly impressed with a view of their lost state.

Syracuse.—A correspondent writes us under date of the 25th ult:

"A protracted meeting commenced in this place on Wednesday the 15th inst. which still continues with great solemnity. Christians appear to labor for the conversion of the entire population of the village. Many are bowing at the foot of the cross and entering into covenant with God. All classes are subjects of the work. Men of influence, Sabbath scholars, Universalists and the aged, unite in ascribing praise to him who hath redeemed them with his blood."

Western Recorder.

Homer.—Letter to the editor of the Recorder from Rev. J. Keep:—

"A protracted meeting commenced in the congregation under my pastoral care, Jan. 29, and closed on the evening of the eleventh day. Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Sherburne, Rev. Mr. Field, of Fabius, and Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Cortland village, were the brethren on whom devolved the responsible duty of presenting the truths of the gospel. The Holy Spirit accompanied the truth. The interest increased daily, and was both deeper and more extensive on the last day and evening, than at any previous stage of the meeting; and the impracticability of retaining the preachers, or of procuring others to take their place, was the only thing which occasioned the dissolution of the meeting.

"This meeting commenced by presenting the covenant, upon the authority of which believing parents dedicate their children in baptism, and by calling upon baptised children to come out from the service of sin, and to engage voluntarily and promptly in the service of Christ. Only once during the meeting was the proposition made for the inquiring to take a *separate seat*, or to rise, as subjects of special prayer.—Preaching three times a day, accompanied by prayer for the Holy Ghost, was the course undeviatingly pursued each day. God blessed his own word, and honored his own arrangement. The church is greatly refreshed, and souls have been converted. I have not attempted to count the number; nor can I speak of them more definitely than to say, that between 60 and 100 have expressed the hope that they are new creatures in Christ Jesus." J. KEEP.

Lansingburgh.—A letter to the editors of the New York Observer, dated the 14th inst. says: We have had an interesting revival of religion in Lansingburgh, since the 1st of January.—About 40 conversions took place, and of these 27 have united with the church; making an accession of 116 on profession, within about a year. At present there is no unusual religious interest.

Cazenovia.—The Rev. B. G. Paddock, states that God is doing wonders for us in the bounds of this conference. Hundreds, yea, thousands, have been made heirs of the grace of life, since our last session. We have just closed a three days meeting, and another is now in progress, which has already continued six days, and about 40 have been brought, as we humbly trust, into gospel liberty.—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

Scottsville, Monroe Co.—A protracted meeting commenced in January and continued 11 days. About 70 were hopefully brought to accept of the Saviour. Some of these we are informed are from the ranks of the most decided opposers of religion—men of intelligence and influence.

Rochester Observer.

VIRGINIA.

Bedford County.—A correspondent of the Southern Religious Telegraph, gives an interesting account from that quarter. Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Lynchburg, preached two days at Pisgah church, Feb. 16 and 17, and several became anxious. On the four following days, he preached at Bethel, where the Spirit of God was present.

The preacher, as on former occasions, and we thought with more earnestness, urged upon his dying fellow men the necessity of immediate repentance and submission to Christ. Two, we hope, were brought to submit their hearts to him, and made the subjects of his grace. Eleven were admitted to the church. On Wednesday, he preached again at Pisgah, and administered

the Lord's Supper. Two were admitted to the communion of the church by profession, and one on certificate. It was truly a solemn and interesting season. Very many, who twelve months ago were enemies to God, were now celebrating the love of their Lord and Master—a scene over which angels no doubt rejoiced; and we could truly say that to us it appeared the gate of heaven. Seventy six persons have been added to the Pisgah church, since the 17th of last March. About the same number, I think, have been admitted to the Bethel church. This was the commencement of the great revival in Bedford, in which all denominations shared largely.

Probably you would ask—"What kind of christians will these converts make?" I answer, many of them are patterns of piety for older christians. They appear to be more active and zealous than some who are older members of the church. We still hope for considerable accessions to our churches; as there are yet a number of hopeful converts, who have not connected themselves with any church.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fayetteville.—Extract from a letter to the editor of this paper, from the Rev. H. H. Rowland, dated Fayetteville, March 1, 1832. "Last Sabbath was our communion, 25 were added to the church, 23 by profession and two by certificate. This makes 42 that have been added to the church since our four days meeting in January. There is much seriousness in the midst of us. A number within a week past have found peace in believing. Brother Russell left me on Tuesday, for Wilmington.

Southern Religious Telegraph.

MINISTERS DEPARTMENT.

HINTS TO PASTORS.

I. What they should not do.

Pastors should not shut their eyes, and so slumber over the flock, that is, take little or no notice of their wants or their wanderings, whether their souls are in thriving circumstances or decline. If they should thus act, why are they called watchmen?

Pastors should not run from and forsake the flock when the wolf comes. Thus to act is made by Christ the mark, not of a pastor, but of a hireling. John, x. 12.

Pastors should not fleece the flock. This would be to take the oversight of the flock for filthy lucre's sake, contrary to the apostle's exhortation. 1 Peter, v. 2.

Pastors should not feed themselves and starve the flock. We read of such, Ezek. xxxiv. 2; but they are to be avoided, and not imitated.

Pastors should not hide any part of the will of God, as it relates either to doctrine, worship, or discipline, from the flock. Thus the apostle Paul did not shun to declare unto the saints the whole counsel of God. Acts xx. 27.

Pastors should not side with the rich against the poor of the flock when the poor are right, but do every thing without partiality, "Doing nothing by partiality." 1 Tim. v. 21.

Pastors should not make parties, or sow the seed of division and discord among the flock; but endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Pastors should not sow pillows under the arm holes of any of the flock, nor daub with untempered mortar, that is, use flattery. This is reprimanded, Ezek. xiii. 18, and therefore should not be practised.

II. What they should do.

Pastors should feed the flock, not with husks, nor with trash, and least of all with hemlock and wormwood, but with knowledge and understanding: "I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and with understanding." Jer. iii. 15.

Pastors should guide and conduct the flock: "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves, for they watch for your souls as they that must give an account," Heb. xiii. 17. The watch and oversight of the flock are committed to them: "Taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly." 1 Pet. v. 2.

Pastors should warn the flock of dangers from men, both from persecutors and from heretics; of danger from Satan, from his golden hooks, and from his fiery darts; of danger from the world, from its smiles as well as from its frowns; and of danger from their own hearts and corruptions.

Pastors should bless the flock. Thus Christ, the Chief Shepherd, while blessing the flock, was taken from them: "And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." Luke xxiv. 51.

Pastors should set a good example unto the flock: "Be thou an example to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." 1 Tim. iv. 12.

In a word, pastors should, in all things, approve themselves the ministers of God: "But in all things approving ourselves the ministers of Christ, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned," &c. 2 Cor. vi. 4.

[Christian Advocate.]

LABORIOUS MISSIONARY.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. Joseph Wolff, dated Tebreez, August 3, 1831, has been forwarded to us by the Rev. Mr. Brewer of Smyrna. It will be seen that this eccentric man is now on his way to Tartary and the borders of India, for the avowed purpose of propagating Christianity, and that the Persian government, notwithstanding their knowledge of his intentions, grant him all the aid in their power.—*N.Y.Obs.*

I set out to-day for Bokhara and Cabul, to proclaim the Gospel of peace to the ten tribes who are at Bokhara. Mr. Campbell, the British envoy, has procured me letters from the king of Persia, for his majesty at Bokhara, and below I also received a letter from his excellency Khosroa Khan, chief eunuch and minister to the King of Persia. I preached every Sunday in the embassy, but we lived out of town in tents, on account of the plague, which is now raging not only at Tebreez, but all along the road to Teheran, which I am now obliged to make on my way to Bokhara. I have had a very difficult journey from Angora to Tebreez. But you will have learnt, that the Lord granted me to preach the Gospel at Angora, the ancient Galatia. By God's grace, I have made the journey from Malta to Egypt, Atalia, Buttur, Kinga, Proosa, Constantinople, Angora, Tokat, Karissar, Gurnush Kane, Trebisond, Erzeroom, Bayazed, and Khoy, every where proclaiming the dying love of Jesus Christ, and his glorious coming the second time, and having been seven years ago at Orsa, Merdeen, Mosul, Babbad, Bosra, Busheer, Tefflis, and Shoshe. I have

now traversed Armenia, in its length and breadth, and I saw, alas! that neither the Armenians nor the Greeks have to boast against the Jews; they are as deeply fallen from the truth of the Gospel of our dear Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ.

MISCELLANY.

SHORT FAMILY SERMON.

"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." 2 Kings, iv. 26.

As the question so affectionately put, and so kindly repeated, implies some degree of uncertainty until the answer is obtained, I shall show in the first place when it is *not* well with families, secondly when it is well with them.

First.—1. It is *not well* with the husband when he is slothful in business, or intemperate, or in any other respect wicked. "Wo unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him," Isaiah iii. 11.

2. It is *not well* with the wife, when the fear of God is not before her eyes, and the love of God is not in her heart, Rom. iii. 15, 16, 17.

3. It is *not well* with children when their parents set them a bad example, and they adopt the evil practices of their parents as their own.

4. It is *not well* with those families where there is no family prayer. Jer. x. 25; Deut. xxix. 18, 19, 20. "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked," Prov. iii. 33. "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished," Prov. xi. 21.

Secondly.—It is *well* with the husband when he is diligent in business, temperate in all things, and righteous before God and man. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," Prov. x. 4; xxii. 29; 1 Cor. ix. 24-27; Gen. vii. 1; Prov. xiv. 34.

2. It is *well* with the wife when she feareth the Lord, and the love of God is shed abroad in her heart, Psa. cxxviii. 1-6; Prov. xxxi, 30; Rom. v. 1-5; Eph. vi, 24.

3. It is *well* with children when their parents are pious, and they walk in their steps, Psa. ciii, 17 18.

4. It is *well* with those families where prayer is wont to be made. More particularly—it is well with them when they walk in the steps of faithful Abraham, concerning whom God said, "In thee, and in thy seed, shall all families of the earth be blessed." Permit me then, to ask the husband, "Is it well with thee?" Art thou born of God, and bound for heaven? O wife! "Is it well with thee?" Art thou a living member of Christ's mystical body? And thou child of praying parents, "Is it well with thee?" Art thou a child of God, by spiritual regeneration—an heir of the righteousness of faith—and a candidate for immortal glory? Art thou in spiritual health? Is it well with thy soul? PASTOR.

* * Children are desired to look for the texts above quoted, and read them, with the sermon, to their parents.

From the Essex Gazette.

A SPRING MORNING.

The beauties of the season are opening upon us—unfolding day by day a visible and rapid approximation towards the munificence of Spring time. The old forest trees are donning anew their green and beautiful mantles—the hills are all alive with vegetation, quivering in every breath of the warm "south west," and the freed streams are leaping down the rocks, or hiding themselves in the long meadow grass, or dancing by their own sweet music, to their woodland

lake or the majestic river. And then, there is a glorious sky—its blue grows lovelier and deeper—and the clouds float in a richer and more gorgeous magnificence over its beautiful expanse.

But a Spring morning!—a fresh and clear Spring morning!—there is no luxury under Heaven to be compared to the early enjoyment of its blessings. The very air is perfume—pure, delicate, like that which stole around the Persian Caliph in the forbidden Gardens of the Genii—and

"Melody and fragrance meet,
Twin sisters of the air."

Who that has waited for the first golden gush of sunshine—streaming out upon the lingering clouds and touching with sudden glory the tall green hills, and then stealing like the ineffable smile of Nature's God, over the blossomed gardens and the green luxuriance of the forest, has ever regretted that his wakeful spirit was abroad, or that he had shaken off the lethargy of slumber—that strange and dim forgetfulness which veils as with thick darkness the mysteries of mind!

Ay,—the morning—the transcendently beautiful morning—how many lyres have been awakened in its praise! We have before us a few delightful lines on the subject, from the pen of Lucretia Maria Davidson. Poor Maria—she was a rare creature—one whose thoughts went upward as naturally as the incense of the flowers which she nourished—and who united with the highest capacities of intellect, the affections and the meek love of a child. And she was a child, in years, at least—hardly seventeen, and yet young as she was—uneducated, and unprepared as she was—she has left a name behind, which few of her prouder cotemporaries will ever attain. Her nature was too ethereal for the grossness of earth;—and she passed away from among us like a bright but unenduring vision.

WOMAN.

It has often been remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like a woman's heart; and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow rather than the light of the sad lamp that watches it; let him have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait, alone and sleepless, the struggle of the gray dawn into his chamber of suffering; let him be appointed to this ministry even for the sake of the brother of his heart or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire, his eyes will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove, in one instance at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place. The woman feels no weariness and owns no recollection of self. In silence, and in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified term may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir, or whisper, of the now more-than-ever loved one who lies under the hand of human affliction.—Her step, as in the obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not waken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying

all that sound can convey of pity, comfort, and devotion; and thus, night after night she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed; her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature, that at other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

GREAT MEN'S MOTHERS.

Lord Bacon.—His mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke; she was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works that displayed learning, acuteness and taste.—Hume, the Historian, mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconer, President of the College of Justice, as a woman of "singular merit," and who, although in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education. Sheridan.—Mrs. Frances Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Johnson.—Schiller.—His mother was an amiable woman; she had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and passionately fond of music and poetry.—Schiller was her favorite child. Goethe thus speaks of his parents—"I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity." Lord Erskine's mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice, her son betook himself to the bar.—Thomson.—Mrs. Thomson was a woman of uncommon natural endowments, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son. Boerhave's mother acquired a high knowledge of medicine. Sir Walter Scott.—His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Rutherford, W. S. was a woman of accomplishment. She had a good taste for and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789. Napoleon's father was a man of no peculiar mind; but his mother was distinguished for her understanding. Lord Mornington, the father of the Wellesleys, was an excellent musician, and no more, but his lady was remarkable for her intellectual superiority. The father of the Emmets, in Ireland, was a babbler, but the mother was a singularly intelligent person. The fate of two of her sons was unhappy, from their republicanism, but the three were possessed of the most striking abilities.—Sheridan's father was a weak creature, as his whole career showed; the genius descended from the mother. Young Napoleon is the son, not of his father's mind, but of Maria Louisa's—he is an Austrian.

PRAYER.

Sometimes our heavenly Father withholds mercies to quicken prayer; grants them to awaken our thankful acknowledgements; or if denied, to excite penitent reflections, searching and trying,—why and wherefore for it is never so but there is some cause. Thus the soul and God converse, and correspond. He replies in his providence either in giving, delaying or denying.—We in suitable returns as there is occasion: and if so he is never wanting to rejoice, either in kind, or kindness, as he sees best.—Philip Henry.

The Scriptures always exhibit the most simple and the justest view of every subject which they treat:—and what subject of importance to man do they not treat?

For the Methodist Protestant.

THE HERMIT OF THE PACIFIC AND EUGENIO,
An Accidental Tale.

On the banks of the great river, which flows from the mountains to the west, lies a flourishing city; many of whose citizens are devoted to dissipating pleasures, not less than to the gains of commerce. Among its elegant youth, Eugenio, though he had tasted of the passing allurements, which the genius of seduction offers to the thoughtless and the gay, had not been captivated by any of them. His paternal mansion, the seat of wealth and of taste, furnished the means of fashionable amusements, with all the elegance of polite manners. The shores, the streets, and the hotels, of this depot of trade, filled with travellers and visitors showed the world in miniature, and shameless and unretiring vice often outraged moral sentiment with little legal restraint. The father and the mother of Eugenio, being prejudiced against christianity, the bible was not to be found in the family library, and the name of Jesus, and the day, and the house devoted to his name were unheeded by parents and children. In this abode of hospitality, in the midst of splendour and abundance, living and beloved, this amiable youth grew pensive and melancholy—he joined in the gay scenes with reluctance, and left them in disgust. This absence of mind, and distaste for fashionable amusements, became a subject of much solicitude to his brothers and sisters, as well as his parents, who resorted to every means to recall this favorite to the circle of accomplished youth of both sexes, with whom they interchanged visits. It would, indeed, have been foreign to all their habits, to treat him with harshness or reproaches; and Eugenio could no more than to return their endeavors with kindness. When all other means had failed, travelling was proposed, and he was left to his choice. Instead of the usual and fashionable routes, instead of going by steam and stage, in the concourse of the wealthy and the gay, to the watering places and the splendid cities of the east, he mounted his favorite horse, and took his direction to the west. Having crossed the fair river, and surmounted the high land, which appears like a barrier from his native city, he journeyed amid the seemingly interminable hills, or sink holes, and arrived upon the banks of those clear streams, whose shelley fords reflect the sun beams, through the pelucid current, in all the colours of the prism. Beyond these, the rich alluvial bottom, prairie barrens and fertile fields, in gentle undulations, and smiling under the hand of the cultivator, diversified the prospect around him, until he arrived upon the banks of the river of the Prairies. Upon these banks, he wandered through shady forests; over undulating sands; across deep ravines, and through or beside those vast plains, where the tranquil waters glide so smoothly as to render no murmur of their waves audible, even in the stillness of night. But the motions in the brest of Eugenio were not in unison with these landscapes. While his eye was surveying these scenes of nature, or ranging over the vast unbroken sky above, his mind was intent upon the strange and restless workings of the inward man. All these fair fields, so fresh with green, and so gay with flowers, brought no relief to a heart sad with a disease, the cause and the cure of which, were alike unknown.

Going on then he knew not whither, the approach of night recalled him to himself. He found himself in a strange place, in a solitude, and without any means of knowing the distance

or direction to a place where he might find repose. But while the twilight still lingered in the west, he espied at a short distance from the road a house. Eugenio rode towards it, and made a traveller's call. The resident of the place, pale and wrinkled appeared. Alight from your horse, said he, and come in. The young man complied. A stool was offered, and he was invited to sit. It is now, said the old man, too late to seek for better accommodations, if you can submit to the privations of a hermit's abode—to all beneath this humble shelter, you shall have a hearty welcome. Compose yourself, while I provide for the object of a traveller's first care, your horse. The hermit returned, and consoled the stranger, with the usual expressions of kindness—you see, said he, the marks and traces of other times, but the inmates of this place are gone, some to another world, and some far off in this. I am left alone, and am in daily expectation of permission to go home also. Eugenio surveyed the figure before him, and listened to the broken and tremulous voice with surprise; though he had often read of hermits, he had formed no image in his mind like that of his host. He recollected that the Hermits of the mountains and caves all wore long white beards, and were clothed in strange formed garments; but the Hermit of the Prairie was shaved and dressed after the manner of the men of this generation, besides he did not seem so old as his oriental brethren, by half a score of years.

Poor and scanty, although the food was, yet there was enough for the occasion, and partly from the fatigues of the day, and partly from the welcome of his reception, Eugenio seldom ate with a better relish. The usual hour of my retirement is come, said the Hermit, and you must needs be fatigued, I submit it to your option, whether you will join with me in evening devotions. This was a new exercise to Eugenio, but he assented, and listened while the other read and prayed, as to something superhuman. A tremor and fluctuation of feeling quite incomprehensible overcame him. The devotions being ended; may I enquire of you, said the old man, of your abode. The youth replied—O then, said the former, you are from the river of commerce, whose waters are lashed, by a thousand paddle wheels, and a native of that city, to whose enterprising and industrious merchants, the goods of so wide an extent of country pay a transit toll—but you need repose—if indeed you can repose upon this pallet, after being used to sleep upon beds of down. I bid you good night.

OMICRON.

[To be continued.]

For the Methodist Protestant.

(By a Youth)

"The fashion of this world passeth away."

MR. EDITOR—How evidently nature exhibits the veracity of these words—"The fashion of this world passeth away."—From the earliest periods down to the age in which we now live, this truth has stood immutable. The largest beast that traverses the forest, and the smallest or most minute insect that creeps upon the earth, alike experience it. Where are now those renowned cities which once were the very seat of literature and refinement, the strength and fortitude of whose armies spread terror over the whole world, the walls of which were seemingly impregnable even against the attack of time himself. In fine, whose very name spread dismay wherever it was borne? They have yielded to the lot of all worldly things, they have

passed away. A few crumbling ruins tell where they once existed, and a few distinct traces of former times are left to show the traveller what they once were. Their profound philosophers, their invincible armies, their huge walls, and every thing connected with their former glory have perished.

We have an instance of the changes incident to worldly things in the history of our own land, we have it in the aborigines of this country.—The time was when the land we now possess, was inhabited by people who lived in all possible affluence and splendor. The time was when the aged Indians laid down on the bed of death enlivened by the hope that their posterity should always possess the land which belonged to them by an undeniable right. The time was when echo reverberated the war song through the majestic forests of America. When the hunter started the wild beast in his den and transfixed the fleeting deer. But amidst all this peace the white man comes, he rudely expels them from the land of their nativity. The war song is put to silence by his dark brow; unutterable grief and indescribable despair are heard in its place. Instead of the exulting rapture of the victor, the horrible groans of the vanquished are heard.—The hunter goes forth no longer to the dark recesses of the forest. In a short time the forests in which he was wont to hunt are cut down, and cities and towns are seen rising up in their stead. In a short time, hundreds, yea thousands of Indians lie in the cold embrace of death. There are now but a few wandering tribes who will soon, yes very soon, experience (as their ancestors have) the fate of all worldly things. Where now is Hannibal, whose endurance of hardships none could excel?—Where now is Cæsar, whose bravery often decided the fate of battles? Where now is Bonaparte, under the greatness of whose enterprises the nations of Europe trembled? Where now is Washington, whose fortitude in the struggle for freedom was wonderful—whose industry and ardent application to the good of his fellows was never surpassed? Where now is Nelson, Wellington, Kosciusko, and very many others I could mention? They too have passed away.—And recollect, reader, you too will pass away! No matter in what situation of life you are placed, whether you loll on the splendid couches of regal magnificence in all the luxury this earth can possibly afford, or whether you dwell in the wretched hovels of poverty, know this truth, You too must pass away! And the time will come when every thing shall be destroyed—when the brilliant sun with all its splendor shall be blotted from the sky—when luna, who was wont to lead on the silver train of heaven, to cheer the gloom of night, shall be turned into blood—when worlds upon worlds which now illuminate the broad expanse of the sky, shall forsake their places—when millions upon millions of millions shall break the strong manacles of death and come forth to appear before an omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, all-loving, and just Jehovah! He will not then display his omnipotency in the parted thunder of the storm or in the earth-quake. But he will come in all the majesty of heaven, and by the same power which he called worlds into existence he will bid them depart—when he will in the twinkling of an eye stop the power which has kept them in motion for thousands of years—when in fine, this very universe shall yield to a similar fate, and it shall pass away forever.

OMEGA.



BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1832.

A Representative Church Government, making special provision for an effective and perpetual Itinerant operation.

It has been reserved for the Methodist Protestant Church to present this imposing and delightful spectacle to the world.

Christian Brethren, of all names and parties, will you not help to carry out this holy, this heavenly enterprise? We trust God will continue to smile upon and prosper it. In the government of this church, what have heretofore been considered extremes, have now happily met. The point had long been conceded, that the members have a right to be represented in the councils of the church—and the necessity and propriety of an itinerant or missionary system has long since been acknowledged. But how to base the latter on the former—and how the former should admit of, and preserve the latter, has been the consummation most devoutly wished.

The rights of the membership have been sacredly secured, and our branch of the church is daily presenting an increasing itinerant and missionary practical operation. But, beloved reader and hearer, the field of our labour is that of this vast continent. Look at its outline—examine its entire surface—its present immense and rapidly augmenting population. The Gospel must be preached to all these, as far as it is practicable for Christians to send it. O what a weight of responsibility rests upon you and you and every other professor of the religion of Jesus Christ!

To those pious heralds of a dying and of a risen Saviour, who have identified themselves and all they hold dear on earth, with preaching Christ and Him crucified—who have left all, and have gone forth crying, as well in the wilderness as "in the city fall," "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"—to those, we say, ye are in our hearts to live and die—to those who have become willing ambassadors to negotiate between God and man the terms of reconciliation—Yes, to those we yield our highest and kindest Christian regards—Ye are indeed worthy of our prayers—worthy of our support, and worthy of our confidence. Many, if not all of those could have lived comparatively in ease at home—but they have preferred the salvation of souls above every other consideration. Their hearts, we believe, are in the holy work—and their souls burn, we trust, with ardent zeal, for the promotion of the cause of our Divine Redeemer.

Reader, have you a son on whom you have conferred a good education? Has he a capacity for usefulness? Are his intellectual energies increasing and expanding? Have you been accustomed to take him to the house of God—to your family altar, and to offer him up specially before the throne of Grace, that he might become instrumental in doing good? In what relation in human life can he be most useful? Is it by becoming a merchant—a lawyer—a soldier—an artificer? Are these the only high callings worthy the attention of immortal minds? Or do not these sink into insignificance before the character and claims of a humble, pious, and successful herald of Gospel Grace and Redeeming Love.

The life of an itinerant or missionary, you believe to be one of great personal sacrifice, exposure, and dependence—and you perhaps cannot bear the idea that one, whom you love so much, and on whose education you have expended so much, should identify himself with a cause which promises great labour, high responsibility, and no pecuniary profit. You perhaps are not willing that he should labour (as a preacher) for a crown beyond the grave, and trust his Heavenly Father for it till he die. Pause, we beseech you, on this momentous subject. Look at the argument, if it be worthy the name. You are not willing that your well educated son should prepare himself for the work of the ministry—for the above recited reasons. We ask, suppose your views had been entertained and practised on universally, what would have been the present state of the world? Would the galaxy of brilliant worthies, which ornament the history of the church, ever have been known to mankind? You are willing that other men's sons should become ministers, but perhaps, for yourself, you imagine the claims of your son are above those of others, who have cheerfully surrendered their best earthly prospects, and have lived and laboured and suffered and died for the cause of Christ—although the fruit of their labour has been abundant, and they have received many seals to their ministry, yet all the avails of saving many souls alive, you probably consider inferior to their shining in some one of the walks of civil, military, or mercantile life. Suppose our sons should become favourites on the field, on the forum, or in the counting house, and their fame should there terminate, what a poor sort of a mortal immortality would it prove!

The religious periodicals of P. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, E. Methodists, and M. P. Methodists, abound with revivals of Religion. God is visiting these churches in great mercy. Hundreds and thousands of souls have recently been brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.—Methodist Protestants will, we trust, be found a willing people in this day of the mighty power of God unto salvation. Surely we are deter-

mined, as a people, not to be surpassed, according to our means and numbers, by any other branch of the church. Let us be up and doing—watching the signs of the times. May God make us a holy people, zealous of good works, and may He use us for the promotion of His glory in the earth!

After the first of July next, this volume can only be obtained from the first of January, by those who subscribe for the first volume. This rule is adopted for several good reasons, and we have thought it proper to give this early information to our friends. One reason we will state, viz:—Many who have never yet heard of this journal will wish to procure the whole series as far as published, which could not be obtained on any other plan. Subscribers, after the above time, whose orders do not include the first volume, will be furnished from the first number in July.

We recommend to our readers and the public, a perusal of the Constitution and Discipline of the Methodist Protestant Church, which may be obtained for the small sum of 37 1-2 cents. It will, we trust, amply repay them both for their time and money—and we think they cannot but be pleased with their principles and provisions.

Query—Are our friends, generally, using their influence and efforts to present this little volume to their acquaintance for their consideration and perusal?

The following letter has been received by the Publisher, dated

Warren county, Ohio, April 2, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER,—I will now drop a few lines respecting our cause in this region, and can say with confidence, that it is advancing. Xenia circuit was divided last fall was a year, into a two and three weeks circuit. I assisted Brother S., three months past, to enlarge Xenia to a four weeks circuit, and have got an excellent young man now in my place. Concord circuit is now a four weeks' circuit, and has two excellent preachers on it—in both, numbers have been converted and joined us, and now and then a choice one from the old side; indeed we are determined to have none but choice ones from thence. We have recently got two class leaders, excellent men, one of them asked the preacher in charge for a certificate, the preacher asked him if he was going away—no, replied he, I am going to join the reformers;—the preacher tried to dissuade him from it, but all in vain. He then told him he would rather give him a certificate to join no church, than to give him one to join the reformers! and said it was contrary to their rules, to give certificates, to any who were going to join the reformers; he then asked him if there was any thing against him, he told him no, and he left him.

We commenced a brick meeting house in Xenia, which is to be completed in about three months. I wonder what will become of all our meeting houses when we all come to nothing; I never heard nor read of a new church that built meeting houses so rapidly. May the Lord keep us humble, make us bold and wise in the blessed cause of Christian liberty.

Yours in Jesus,

A. McGUIRE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

A few thoughts on the signs of the times.

MR. EDITOR:—At length the friends of religious liberty in our country have resumed their native freedom, and separated from the powers of which they could not approve. Here, methinks, controversy on this subject should have ceased. But alas no—it still exists, and divides those who should be brethren in the full sense of the term. And there is too much reason to fear that so it will be, until he comes, who is to “put down all rule and all authority,” and “set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed,” Dan. 2, 44. This I am persuaded he will do, in the literal sense of the terms. That kingdom is to “break in pieces and consume” all the kingdoms of the earth, ver. 44, and “fill the whole world,” ver. 35. It is, I think, the thousand years reign of the Saints with Christ, Rev. 20, 4. It is to be preceded by “a time of trouble, such as never was unto that same time,” Dan. 12, 1. Rev. 18 and 19. And do we not see the near approach of that great event? Is not the period of 2300 days, Dan. 8, 13 drawing near, very near to a close, when “the sanctuary shall be cleansed?” That period seems to have begun in the year 453 B. C. Ezra 7, 11—26. Have not the vials of the wrath of God, Rev. 16, been visibly poured out upon the earth, in the terrible scenes of the late French revolution, which began in 1789 Under the sixth vial “the waters of the great river Euphrates were to be dried up, and have we not seen this done, in the late subjugation of the Turkish empire by the power of Russia? Do we not see also a contest for liberty on one side, and for despotic power on the other, already begun and partly suppressed in Europe; and at this moment awfully threatening to burst out again, and set the world in a flame? Does not this portend the beginning of the time of trouble spoken of by the Prophet? and consequently the near approach of that great event, when the nation and kingdom that will not serve him, (the Messiah,) shall be destroyed?—when all his enemies shall fall before him? If this be so, “what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation?” Surely our little strifes and controversies should cease, and we should rather employ all our powers in preparing to meet the king at his coming. In comparison with this how small, how trifling the objects about which we are so heavily contending!

Many other reasons, and many passages of scripture convince me of the near approach of that great event, which I have not room here to mention. Perhaps I may hereafter touch the subject again. What is here said is intended rather to draw the attention of others to the subject than otherwise. It is certainly a subject of great interest, and especially so at this time.

ERASMUS.

[“Erasmus” will much oblige us by continuing his lucubrations, on the dawn of that glorious millennial morn, when all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest. The theme is delightful—and the prospect of its near approach is most cheering to the christian. Roll on, roll on, ye intervening years, and bring that glorious day!—Ed.]

For the Methodist Protestant.

MR. EDITOR,—If you judge the following worthy of a place in your paper, you will please insert it—it is an account of the burning of a Gentoo woman on the funeral pile of her deceased husband, and is taken from the voyages

of Starvorenus, who was an eye witness to the ceremony:—

Wm. McE.

“We found,” says Mr. Starvorenus, “the body of the deceased lying on a couch, covered with a piece of white cotton and strewed with betel leaves. The woman, who was to be the victim, sat upon the couch, with her face turned to that of the deceased. She was richly adorned, and held a little green branch in her right hand, with which she drove away the flies from the body. She seemed like one buried in the most profound meditation, yet betrayed no signs of fear. Many of her relations attended on her, who, at stated intervals, struck up various kinds of music. The pile was made by driving green bamboo stakes into the earth; between which was first laid fire wood, very dry and combustible; upon this was put a quantity of dry straw or reeds, besmeared with grease; this was done alternately, till the pile was five feet high, and the whole was then strewed with rozin, finely powdered. A white cotton sheet, which had been washed in the Ganges, was then spread over the pile, and the whole was ready for the reception of the victim. The widow was now admonished by a priest that it was time to begin the rites. She was then surrounded by women, who offered her betel, and besought her to supplicate favours for them when she joined her husband in the presence of ram, or their highest god—and above all, that she would salute their deceased friends, whom she might meet with the celestial matrons;—in the meantime, the body of the husband was taken and washed in the river, the woman was also led to the Ganges for ablution, where she divested herself of all her ornaments, her head was covered with a piece of silk, and a cloth was tied around her body, in which the priests put some parched rice. She then took a farewell of her friends, and was conducted by two of her female relations to the pile. When she came to it, she scattered flowers and parched rice upon the spectators, and put some into the mouth of the corpse—two priests next led her three times round it, while she threw rice among the bystanders, who gathered it up with great eagerness. The last time she went round, she placed a little earthen burning lamp to each of the four corners of the pile; then laid herself down on the right side, next to the body, which she embraced with both her arms. A piece of white cotton was spread over them both—they were bound together with two easy bandages, and a quantity of firewood, straw and rosin was laid upon them—in the last place, her nearest relation, to whom, on the banks of the river, she gave her nose jewels, came with a burning torch and set the straw on fire, and in a moment the whole was in a flame. The noise of the drums and shouts of the spectators were such, that the shrieks of the unfortunate woman, if she uttered any, could not have been heard. From an official document, it appears that in the year 1815, between 4 and 500 widows of the province of Bengal had voluntarily sacrificed themselves on the funeral pile of their husbands; in 1816, upwards of 600; and in 1817, 706.”

The person of true piety, other things being equal, is better qualified to judge of true merit in all the various departments appropriate to the exercise of taste, than one who is a stranger to the power of experimental religion. The contrary, I know is sometimes insisted on; but there is every thing in religion to purify and chasten, to elevate and strengthen all the faculties of the mind.—Jenkins.

DEVOTIONAL.

FILIAL SENSE OF THE DIVINE FAVOR.

“Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord; even thy salvation, according to thy word.”—Ps. cxix. 41.

A prayer at all times suitable for a sinner, who needs mercy every moment, and has been taught to look for it only in the Lord’s “salvation.” Contemplated apart from the way of reconciliation manifested through his Son our Saviour, we know our Maker and Supreme Disposer only as a God of justice and holiness. In the revelation of Christ he is revealed as “a just God, and yet a Saviour;” and in “his salvation, which is nigh them that fear him,” “mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.” Therefore general notions of the mercy of God without a distinct apprehension of his “salvation,” can never be a warrant of faith to a sinner; can never have any other origin, than in presumption, such as God abhors. Can there be any communication of mercy from an unknown God? Can there be any intercourse with an angry God? “Acquaint thyself now with him, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee”—“the Lord’s mercies, even his salvation.” This prayer, however, may be considered as peculiarly suitable for one, who “has tasted that the Lord is gracious,” and who longs to live under the realizing sense of his mercies. There are seasons with the believer when through manifold temptations, he is unable to taste God’s mercies, or to realize his enjoyment of God’s salvation. Then the desire of his heart is, to seek a personal and individual interest in it.—“Let thy mercies come also unto me.” The experience of the Lord’s people furnishes a powerful plea in prayer.—“Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto them that love thy name. Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that thou bearest to thy people; O visit me with thy salvation, that I may see the felicity of thy chosen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation, that I may glory with thine inheritance.” Are we seeking the assurance of this salvation in prayer? Are we waiting for the present power of it, saving us from sin—Satan—the world—ourselves, and “blessing us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus?” If faith and patience should be put to the trial in the exercise of waiting, yet in the end we shall doubtless find, that God by these dispensations with us has been secretly storing us with experience, which will be a rich treasury to us throughout our pilgrimage. That he has kept us from turning our backs upon his ways, when we had no comfort in them, that he has upheld us with secret supplies of strength.—What is this but the working of his own Spirit within, and the pledge that the work shall advance to perfection? That he has enabled us, against all discouragements, to “continue instant in prayer,” is surely an answer to that prayer, which in our apprehensions of it had been cast out. That in the exercise of waiting upon him, we have been restless in the possession of worldly consolation, is an assurance that the Lord himself will be our soul-satisfying and eternal portion. And who is there now in the sensible enjoyment of his love, who does not bless that divine wisdom which took the same course with them that has been taken with us to bring them to these joys? When did a weeping seed-time fail of bringing a joyful harvest? But let not the word of promise be forgotten.—“According to thy word,”—that it shall come fully—freely—eternally to him that waiteth for it. “Thou

meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness; those that remember thee in thy ways." The same frame of experience will again come before us—"My soul fainteth for thy salvation, but I hope in thy word." Many there are indeed who are satisfied with attainments far too low in spiritual enjoyment. It is comfortless to live at a distance from our Fathers house, when we might be dwelling in the secret of his presence, and rejoicing in the smiles of his love.—But sometimes, alas! days, weeks, and even months, pass by without any painful solicitude as to the reasons of this deprivation. Yet let us not charge this dull and dishonorable frame upon the sovereignty of the divine dispensations. Let us rather trace it to its true source—want of desire—want of faith—want of prayer—want of diligence. Let us be excited to a sense of our need of divine influence. Let us be encouraged by the recollection that earnest prayer will bring a sure answer: if not in the immediate fulfillment of our desires, at least in the immediate fulfillment of our desires, at least in the enlargement of them. And how can our desires be too large after the mercies of God's salvation?—*Bridges on Ps. cxix.*

CONFIDING ANTICIPATION OF ULTIMATE
BLESSEDNESS.

"So shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me: for I trust in thy word."—*Ps. cxix. 42.*

What is the salvation which he had just been speaking of? The whole gift of the mercy of God—redemption from sin, death, and hell—pardon, peace, and acceptance with a reconciled God—constant communication of spiritual blessings—all that God can give or we can want—all that we are able to receive here, or heaven can perfect hereafter. Now if this "comes to us"—comes to our hearts—surely it will furnish us at all times with "an answer to him that reproacheth us." Do the world cast upon us the reproach of the cross? We find it our happiness not to live without the cross; and we can testify that there are no comforts like Christ's comforts, even in the midst of tribulation.—And yet, when Satan's temptations or the reproach of the ungodly assault the soul suffering from a sense of spiritual desertion, the trial is very severe, and the believer, having no sensible strength to support him, is sometimes unable to exercise faith in Him "that hideth himself," and therefore is unprepared with an "answer to him that reproacheth him." Such appeared to be Job's condition,* and Heman's† and that of many of the Lord's most favored people, at different stages of their experience. And how should this teach us to pray for a realizing sense of the Lord's "mercies, even of his salvation," not only as necessary to our peace and comfort, but as furnishing a powerful and sufficient "answer to him that reproacheth." When we have a personal interest in it, and in him who is the "all in all" of it, we "have the witness in ourselves." We are garrisoned against every assault from without, and shall be enabled to say—"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."‡ Such was the "answer" that David gave "to him that reproached." Probably the divisions in his family were a frequent occasion of reproach, but his confession was ready—"Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me

*Job vi. vii. ix.
†Psalm lxxxviii.

‡Micah vii. 8.

an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, for this is all my salvation and all my desire."§ This assurance is the confidence of faith. "I trust in thy word," "not one jot or tittle of which can ever fall to the ground;" and in this confidence, upon the conviction of an enlightened judgment, we may "be ready always to give an answer to every one that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear." "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

Oh! do not we often fail in devout boldness by the weakness of our apprehensions of the conditions of salvation? Clear and full views of these conditions are indispensable to deepening our sense of our Christian obligation. Any indistinctness here, from its necessary mixture of self righteousness and unbelief, obscures the warrant of our personal interest, and therefore hinders our firm grasp of the promises—by which alone we can hope to receive the needful supplies of Divine strength. Much cause therefore have we to pray for a spiritual perception of the Gospel in its freeness and fullness, in its beauty and loveliness, as well as in its holy and heavenly enjoyments. Much need have we to use our speedy diligence, without delay—our painful diligence, without indulgence—our continual diligence without weariness—that we be not satisfied with remaining on the skirts of the kingdom; that it be not a matter of doubt whether we belong to it or not; but, that grace being added to grace, "so an entrance may be administered to us abundantly into" all its rich consolations and everlasting joys.—*ib.*

§ 2 Samuel xxiii. 5.

A MODEL.

The following female character is translated from the French. However highly coloured the portrait may appear, it is not without a living original:—

"It is her happiness to be ignorant of all that the world calls pleasure—her glory is to live in the duties of a wife and mother—and she consecrates her days to the practice of social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family, she reigns over her husband by complaisance, over her children by mildness, over her domestics by goodness. Her house is the residence of religious sentiments, of filial piety, of conjugal love, of maternal tenderness, of order, peace, sweet sleep, and good health. Economical and studious, she prevents want and dissipates the evil passions—the indigent who present themselves at her door are never repulsed—the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reserve and dignity that makes her loved—of prudence and firmness that makes her esteemed.—She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light, which vivify and illumine all that encircle her."

Happy the man who possesses such a wife, and can justly appreciate her worth. Happy the children who are nurtured by her care, and modelled by her counsel. Happy the domestics who wait her commands and enjoy her benevolence—and happy the society which holds in its bosom a being worthy of a better world.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

¶ A military officer being at sea, in a dreadful storm, his lady, who was sitting near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel,

was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose from a chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a bed place, he drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he exclaimed, "Are you not afraid?" She instantly replied; "No, certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he "remember I know in whom I have believed, and that he holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand."

MEDITATION.

Seen of Angels." 1 Tim. iii. 16.

Angels of mercy! ye saw him leave his seat of glory above, and descend to the meanest and most wretched of his worlds. Ye were in attendance when he stooped from the height of his power, and was born in a stable at Bethlehem; ye were with him in the howling wilderness, when the dark hour of temptation had passed, and he was left alone; ye were with him in his retirement, in the secret and fervent pouring forth of prayer such as man never prayed; ye were with him in the garden, when his agony was hard upon him, and even his pure soul seemed to shrink from the trial before him; ye were with him in his hour of desertion and mocking, of scourging and death; and ye were with him in the sepulchre, and you saw the stone rolled to the door, and the guard set, and ye heard the loud call answered, and the last watchword given.

Angels of glory! ye saw him burst the bonds of the tomb, and rise triumphant; ye saw him chain to his infernal den the prince of hell, and seize the keys of death and the pit. Through your shining ranks he passed on his way to his Father's mansion! Ye have seen the glorified body which was pierced for man; ye have bowed before him in heaven; ye see him now above, all lovely as he is, and cast your crowns before his throne, and give him blessing, and honour, and praise, and power for ever and ever.

O then for your tongues to describe his suffering! O for your harps to celebrate his glories!

OBITUARY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

Departed this life on Friday, March 2, 1832, Mr. JOHN LIPSCOMB, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Mr. Lipscomb was a native of King William, but died a resident of Prince William County, State of Virginia. For twenty-seven years he was a respectable citizen of this town, and one of its most active and industrious mechanics. His veracity was unimpeachable—his honesty questioned by none. For thirty-six years and six months, he was an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church—and the religion he professed for so many years prepared him to declare, in the most unequivocal manner, his entire willingness to meet his approaching dissolution. The only patrimony he has left a widow and six children is, that of an irreproachable reputation. His remains were interred in the burial ground of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place, on Monday, March 5, 1832; by the side of her, (having been married twice) who, for thirty-five years, was the affectionate companion and willing sharer in the events of his toilsome life. This small tribute of respect is paid by one who knew the deceased long and intimately.

Georgetown, D. C. March 5th, 1832.



POETRY.

From the Vermont Telegraph.

THE MISSIONARY.

My soul is not at rest There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
"Go teach all nations," from the eastern world,
Comes on the night air and awakes my ear.

And I will go! I may no longer doubt
To give up friends, and home, and idol hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country! Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup
To show that never was it His design,
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease,
Or drink at pleasure's fountain. Henceforth, then,
It matters not, if storms or sunshine be
My earthly lot—bitter or sweet my cup;
I only pray, God fit me for my work,
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done,—
Let me but know I have a friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony, beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sand, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this;
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven,
If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned,
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp, if one for whom
Satan hath struggled as he hath for me
Should ever reach that blessed shore, O how
This heart will flame with gratitude and love!
And through the ages of eternal years
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

TO A CHILD.

I love thee, child; the look of joy is stamp'd
Upon thy forehead fair—thy laughing eye
Is bright with young intelligence and love—
And melting smiles have mantled o'er thy cheek.
With willing feet thou meet'st me constantly
At Sabbath school, to hear of truth divine,
And learn the way to endless bliss in heaven.
To look on thee I'm prone to think thy heart
Is purity's abode: that nought within
Thy buoyant breast e'er enter'd to defile.
Yet 'tis not so—for venom'd sin, the fair
And beautiful has touch'd. No power below
Can move a stain deep hid in human hearts:
Sin creeps where entrance nothing else can find;
And lives where all things else would blush to be.
'Tis he alone, who rules the universe,
The planets in their courses guides, and lives
Unseen in every thing, can change the heart,
And make it pure as he himself is pure.
This is my wish—my daily prayer, that God
Would melt and make thy heart a contrite one:
That thoughts unholy and impure, may find
No lodging place in thee—that loveliness
And peace may sit together on thy brow.

Then to thy God in early childhood raise
The language of a broken heart: lift up,
As oft as morning dawns, thy first and best
Desires: nor cease to pray as long as life
Doth animate thy form. And when the hand
Of death falls heavy on thy soul, the Lord
Will take thee to his mansions blest on high,
Where sin no more will taint the pure in heart.

D. D. D.

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND DEPARTED.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee;
Thou' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed thro' its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

INTELLIGENCE.

We learn from Washington that the object of Mr. Biddle's visit to that city, was to induce the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to defer paying \$7,000,000 of the three per cents, from 1st July to the 1st of October next. The Secretary of the Treasury addressed a letter to Mr. Biddle, informing him that it was his intention to give notice on the 1st of April of the intended payment on the 1st of July, and inquiring whether he knew of any objections to his so doing. To this Mr. Biddle replied certainly not, so far as the Bank was concerned; because, if that amount of money should be paid to the Government, it was merely necessary for the Bank to retain it in possession, and abstain from discounting on it. But he proceeded to say, that about two thirds of this \$7,000,000 is owned in Europe, and that in consequence, an export to nearly \$5,000,000 of specie would be required—that the pressure at this time upon the money market is as great as can well be sustained, and that the withdrawal of \$7,000,000 from circulation, would in all probability be the cause of many failures, and consequently the non-payment of many of the Bonds to government, securing the duties out of which this payment of \$7,000,000 is to be made.

"These views it is said were also mentioned to Messrs. Adams, McDuffie, Cambreleng, and Johnson, then in Philadelphia, and they urged the propriety of Mr. Biddle's visiting Washington to lay his opinions personally, before the Secretary of the Treasury and Commissioners of the Sinking Fund. If we mistake not, they also addressed letters to the Commissioners, to the Secretary, to the President and others recommending that the \$7,000,000 should not be paid till October. The question was very properly considered one of great magnitude, and all concurred in the view of the subject taken by Mr. Biddle, but the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund did not feel authorized to lose the three months interest which would be the consequence of deferring the payment till October, although certain of the benefits which the exercises of such discretion would confer upon the commercial community. Under these circumstances, Mr. Biddle proposed that the Bank of the United States should pay the interest, amounting to \$52,500.

"This proposition was of course accepted, and by this prudent yet liberal conduct of the Bank, our merchants have been protected from the operation of a measure which must inevitably have crushed many of them, and given a blow to our commercial prosperity from which it would have required much time to recover."—N. Y. C.

The appointment of HUGH S. LEGARE, of South Carolina, to be Charge des Affaires to Belgium, was on Saturday last, confirmed by the Senate of the United States.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Remittances received on account of this Volume, viz:

By Peter Griffing, for H. P. Sumner, James Sangston, Jeremiah Stull, John Loper, W. Rogers, Henry Lye, P. Price, and J. Andrews. By C. Kennon, for Wm. Hightower and H. Luckie. By J. P. Webb, for himself and Sylvanus Seeber. By A. G. Brewer, for William Wimbish, Gustavus Hendricks, William Holliday, Benjamin Harrison, James Hodge, and R. P. Ward. John Baines, Basil Root, Jas. Ebert. By W. W. Wallace, for Y. Throop, Rev. Mr. Waite, Wm. Jackson, and Dr. Wishart. By C. Williamson, for William Melson. By D. B. Dorsey, for F. Howard, H. B. Robinson, L. G. Thomas, and Thomas Paine.

Remittances on account of First Volume, viz:

Alexander Gaddes, for 1831 and 1832. J. Chester, S. W. Stockton, J. S. Fury, J. S. Christine, J. Bartow. By C. Kennon, for R. Tucker, and Wm. Fannin. H. H. Cole, \$3 63. By W. W. Wallace, for Lucinda Carter, for 1831 and 1832. G. B. Damerson, Hugh McDonald, D. B. Dorsey.

Receipts for Books—gratefully recorded.

John Smith,	- - - -	\$21 80
Samuel Budd,	- - - -	30 00
Mr. West,	- - - -	3 75
A. G. Brewer,	- - - -	1 00
E. Henkle,	- - - -	7 96
Charles Williamson,	- - - -	12 50
G. D. Hamilton,	- - - -	16 56

LETTERS RECEIVED.

"F. J. E." W. McEvoy, N. Snethen, P. Griffing, W. Hill, D. Ayres, J. B. Perdue, (corrections made,) A. McGuire, (papers sent,) P. Ensminger, John Harrod, 2, C. Kennon, (R. Griffin's subscription was duly paid,) J. J. Kay & Co., J. P. Webb, A. G. Brewer, J. H. Wood, Gamaliel Bailey, F. Hall, John Reynolds, James Moore, Charles Williamson, H. McDonald, E. B. Damerson, S. Hoyt & Co. Moses Lyon, E. P. Nash & Co., Miles Nash, J. G. Searcy.

JOHN J. HARROD,

Has on hand,

A further supply of the very popular Camp-meeting Hymn and Spiritual Song Book, entitled "Harrod's Collection," is received and for sale at \$3 per dozen. The Methodist Protestant Church Hymn Book, in plain binding at \$4; in red gilt, \$6; in calf, extra gilt edges, \$15, morocco, with strap gilt on the edges, \$15 per dozen.

The Rev. John Wesley's Works, in 10 volumes octavo, bound, price \$12. No methodist who can spare the money ought to be without a copy of the works of the Father of Methodism—they would form a useful legacy—though dead yet Wesley continues to speak. Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, \$4, bound; Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises; Mason on Self-Knowledge; Clarke on the Promises, all excellent works, at \$3 per dozen, bound—thousands of these are annually sold in England and the U. States.

The Academic Reader, in high repute, the fourth edition, for the past 12 months, is just going to press, price \$6 per dozen, bound and lettered. The introduction to do. with cuts, \$2 50 per dozen, is also very popular wherever it has been seen and used.

*These Books are used in many of the most respectable Seminaries, and the recommendations are very numerous.

Remittances are desired ardently on account of the Books which have been forwarded to order. If each will do what he can in sales and remittances promptly, the Book Agent would be much assisted in his finances.

TERMS.

Three Dollars for the year's subscription, if not paid by the first of July, or until the close of the year.

Two Dollars will be expected of all who pay at the time of ordering the paper, and will entitle the subscriber to receive the paper for the entire year. All new subscribers are required to pay at the time of subscribing.

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will entitle the present subscribers to the paper for the year, if paid before the first day of July, next.—Fifteen Dollars remitted for new subscribers in advance, will entitle the person remitting to one copy gratis for the year.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM WOODY, No. 6, S. Calvert-st. Baltimore.